TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 25.

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# FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

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FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual Dis-sriet Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD Advis. at

LOCATION OF Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

# Unimpeachable Testimony!

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted hills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709, 589) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O.D. BALDWIN,
Pres. of the American Loan
and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES,
Pres. of the Lincoln
National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM. 31)10,709,520(345,468 The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last

345,468. Average daily Circulation during 345,808 Copies!

SCIENTIFIC ROBBERY.

The monopolistic spirit is running mad at the present time. New schemes for plundering the people are developed daily.

Monop oly and speculation are in league. The worst element of Wall street is rampant again. The greed of these financial cormo-

The very some of scientific robbery is attained when, after the formation of an iniquitous, unscrupulous Trust, the value of the stock is inflated beyond all semblance of its intrinsic worth, and it is then placed upon the market as the football of stock gamblers. Not satisfied with forcing up the price of the necessaries of life, thereby exacting tribute from the helpless people, the stock is thrown out as a decoy to catch the eve of the unwary and invite investment at fancy prices.

And when the bubble bursts, as burst i must, the monopolistic gamblers fatten their purses upon the dire distress of the weak.

How long must this brazen system of scientific modern robbery endure?

### NO SAPETY ANYWHERE.

The dangers that beset the pathway of the pedestrian in this city are innumerable. If their lives are not menaced in one way they are in another. A newly discovered method of torture made its appearance yesterday. It was the gasoline lamp of a workman in a subway trench.

While standing on Broadway near Nine teenth street, engaged in conversation with a friend, all unconscious of impending dander, Mrs. Tooken's dress was discovered to be on fire, and she narrowly escaped frightful injuries. Her skirts had ignited from the flame of a lamp carelessly held by a man working in the trench at the edge of the

The dangers of the wilderness pale into insignificance compared to the besetting perils to life and limb in this complicated but asy-going metropolis.

## GOING TO MEET HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. WHITELING, who to-day explates on in it. the scaffold in Philadelphia the crime of killing her husband and several children by poison, is reported to be looking forward to joyful reunion with her husband. Just sere she expects to find him is not stated. but as all murderers announce their intention of going direct to heaven, it is probable that it is her expectation that she will meet him two cents a pound."

Saratoga. It cost me \$100 a week for three weeks. The unfortunate part of it is that I couldn't sell the receipt to day for more than two cents a pound."

enough to be an angel, his wife did not enjoy his society here is a perplexing conundrum. It belongs in the elongated list of those things that nobody knows.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES? Mayor CHAPIN, of Brooklyn, has issued a manifesto reciting that certain officials, clothed with authority to perform the marriage ceremony, have committed serious irregularities in connection therewith. He warns them against a continuance of the illegal practices.

It is a singular fact that the Mayor refuses to disclose the names of the guilty parties. Is this not queer conduct for an official? If any of the magistrates in Brooklyn have violated the law by not making the statutory | The Steckler Brothers Send in Substantial inquiries of those desiring to be married they should be held responsible for their misconduct.

Mayor CHAPIN is setting a bad example. In shielding the guilty magistrates is he not as culpable as they?

### A WOMAN'S GRIT.

Of a woman's will it has been truly said : When she will, she will, and there's an end on't; when she won't, she won't, and you may depend on it." This was exemplified at Mount Vernon vesterday.

Mrs. Powers and Mrs. Stores engaged in a colloquial encounter, in which the former showed the sharpest powers of speech. Wounded by her cutting remarks, Mrs. STORES had Mrs. Powers arrested for def. amation of character.

The Justice adjudged that the defendant pay a fine of \$5 or go to jail for five days. Adopting CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCENEY'S immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," as her motto, Mrs. Powers went to jail rather than pay the fine. There's grit for you.

### WILDER'S BOOK.

THE PEOPLE PVE SMILED WITH, RECOLLECTIONS Fund. OF A MERRY LITTLE LIFE. By MARSHALL P. WILDER. (Cassell & Co.: New York.) Every man-about-town and a good many

others, society men and women, know well the quaint little jester who here tells in a book of those with whom he has smiled. The book has an admirable send-off in an in troduction by Col. John A. Cockerill, of THE WORLD. Marshall P. Wilder was handicapped

in the race of life by a crooked spine. Happily he decided that it would only make matters worse if he let his temper become warped, too. So he has steadily cultivated a bright, sunny way of looking at things, and his gift as a reconte and merry-maker has brought him a comfortable income and kept his soul unwarped.

This book is a most cheerfully optimistic record of what he has done; whom he has met. and whom he likes. There is not one barsh word in it from beginning to end; not one thing that isn't rose-colored. The plucky little man went over to England to

make a break for the slow Britons. He captured that society regulator who makes suc cesses by his royal approbation, and Marshall has nothing but good words for the Prince of He does not say so many very brilliant things.

Bon mots and impromptu sparks are not the sort of thing that Wilder is billed for. But he always makes you laugh, and the man who can do that is a blessing to humanity.

One thing he says that is good enough to be

repeated because it shows an insight into humanity. He says that men like nothing better than being well talked to about something they know. So Wilder does not shrink from a chestnut. He only takes care to put it in a new burr, one of his own providing.

The book is nestly gotten up in a pale green and terra cotta cover, and there are three portraits of the little humorist. One where he isn't funny, one where he is going to be, and the third where he has got there.

Everybody can enjoy the good-natured, optimistic account that the little man gives of himself and his successes, though cold type are a poorer medium for the expression of his humor than the sparkling eye, mobile face and genial smile of the small man himself.

# A Gorgeous Billiard Room.

An architect of large experience says that nothing in the country compares with the billiard room of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. It is a Moorish room opening out of the great Francis I. banqueting room, and is described by a New York correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean as follows: 'The walls are wainscotted in 5-feet-wide old Moorish tiles

wainscotted in 5-feet-wide old Moorish tiles brought from Spain, rich with iridescent dyes and peacoca's eyes lustre, a secret that modern enamels have never recovered.

"Above the wainscoting the walls are of papier mache, modelled in designs secured from the Albambra twenty years ago by Mr. R. M. Hunt, a favor not granted since by the Spanish Government. There have been plenty of models since secured with geometrical precision by caliners and cumping it. rical precision by calipers and cunning in-struments, but these show the blunted an-gles and softened lines of the original, and as they are colored with the same tints have that charm which the greater precision would

not give.

"The doors and ceiling are of butternut. elaborately ornamented with Moorish interlaced work. The mantel and the fire-facings of the horseshoe arch are of Mexican onyx. and a series of onex columns above the man-tel-breasts make niches where the cues and other necessary solids and liquids offa billiard-room are kept. Opposite the mantel is a fountain secured in a niche where the water

room are kept.

fountain secured in a niche where the water breaks in spray over silver ribs with beautiful effect.

"The window of the room is in itself a notable feature. It is filled with perforated ornaments, and behind this is a large onyx, so thin as to be almost transparent. This is of butternut, inlaid in Moorish designs, and in keeping are chairs and divans. Admed in keeping are chairs and divans. and in keeping are chairs and divans. Adjoining is a Moorish tollet-room, lined with Moorish tiles, with the fixtures in onyx."

| From the Ejeck. | Merrift—Your father said he was glad you stuffed that toothpick in the stem of his

pipe. Little Johnnie-Was it because it kept him from smoking all night?

Merritt—No. He said it was because he had been waiting for some excuse to give you a leathering.

### Johanie's Generosity. [From the Epoch. ]

Mrs. Brown-How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one for yourself! Little Johnnie—'Cause there was a worm

## A Treasure.

(From Harper's Basar.) "The most expensive autograph I have," said the collector, "is this. It is the signature of Bob Boniface, who keeps a hotel at

Just why, if Mr. WHITELING WAS good TEXTHING CORDIAL Price Mo conta.

And the Babes Themselves Are Helping It Grow.

We Shall Have That Free Doctors' Corps Started in Due Season.

Let Everybody Help On the Good Cause by Their Contributions.

Sympathy This Morning.

ı		
	THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.	
	The Evening World. Already acknowledged Alfred and Chas. Steckler. Dick W. A. B. G. Helen. C. E. Collected by Lillie Cohn and Isabella McGovern. Kate A. Buchl. A. B. Laurie, Cammie and Robbie.	956, 92 25, 00 2, 00 1, 00 2, 5 1, 00 2, 00 1, 00 1, 00

Please accept the inclosed \$25, our cor tribution towards THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Children's Fund. It is a most worthy and commendable undertaking, and deserves the full support of a charitable public.

ALFRED AND CHARLES STECKLER, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. 47 Centre street, June 25.

Dick's 82. the Editor of The Evening World I send \$2 to the "Sick Babies' Fund."

New Let Us Hear from "C." Please find inclosed \$1 for Sick Babies' A. B.

82 with Good Wishes. o the Editor of The Evening World : Inclosed you will find \$2 for the Babies' Fund. Hoping you will succeed, I remain, KATE A. RUBBI.

yours.

Two Little Girle' Collections. To the Editor of The Evening World We are two little girls, and, knowing every little helps, we have collected \$3 among our

few friends for the Sick Babies' Fund. LILLIE COHN. 479 Avenue B. ISABELLA McGOVERN, 203 West Sixty-first street,

In Memory of a Babe in Heaven. To the Editor of The Evening World: In memoriam of my baby in heaven I send

the inclosed dollar, hoping it may save some little baby to its loving mather. New York, June 23. W. A. B. G. Their Money for the Fourth.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please accept our mite for the sick babies. This is our money for the Fourth of July. We send it to the sick babies instead.

LAURIE, CAMMIE, ROBBIE.

Now matter how small, every nickel will tell; J-y G-d thought be'd send them one hun dred as well.

But he forgot it.

### BEACONSFIELD AND THE PRIMROSE. They Were Not His Favorite Flowers Al-

though So Supposed. It is a popular idea that the late Lord Beaconsfield was particularly devoted to primoses, and on the 18th of April many Englishmen still wear the bright little yellow "firsthing of Spring" in memory of the famous statesman. The fact is, however, that he cared no more for primroses than for dandelions, the gardenia, if anything, being his favorite flower; and a Mr. Escott tells us that one day, as he was strolling with Lord Bea

one day, as he was strolling with Lord Bea consfield through the lovely grounds of Hughenden, he happened to remark that the peacocks had pecked away the roots of the primroses, at which my Lord said, "Yes, it is sail; but to tell the truth, I prefer peacocks to primrosess"

How, then, asks the American Agriculturist, did the blossom come to be associated with his name? It is said to have occurred in the following manner:

llowing mauner: On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral On the day of Lord Beaconsfield's funeral the Queen sent an immense wreath of primroses to be placed upon his coffin; and on a card attached she wrote, "His favorite flower!" This tribute of royalty with the accompanying inscription naturally attracted much attention and was the beginning of the primrose craze. But the truth was, Her Majesty was not thinking about Lord Beaconsfield at all when she wrote the words, but had the Prince Consort in her reind as he had the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was really extremely fond of primroses, and it was hispredilection she was remembering rather than that of her distinguished subject.

New to the Business.

| From the Milford (Ind.) Herald. |
A newly elected justice of the peace not a thousand miles from Milford delivered the following charge to the jury the other day: Gentlemen of the Jury : Charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence in the case as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the learned counsel for the 

Had One. [From the Detroit Pres Press.]

You, sir," was the prompt reply. Well, what is it?"

" Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

# PRIZE ILLUSTRATED JOKE. THEY ALL CONDEMN IT.

JUDGE M'DOUGALL AWARDS THE TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE TO "GURNEY."

THE PRIZE JOKE.

Milow Mead (visiting New York for the first time)—I'm pretty certain he said he was on the sixth floor, and I'd like ter see 'm mighty bad; but I'll be darned if he'll ketch me a breaking my neck on none of them 'ere new-fangled elevator concerns 'f I never see 'm. Gueney.

### THE JUDGE'S COMMENTS.

In awarding the prize to the above illustrated oke as the best one produced by the contest, I wish to express some surprise that none of the professional "comic artists" have contributed o my misery as judge. The joke selected for the prize bears more indications of real humor. open and unconcealed, than any of the large number submitted for my perusal, and which have enriched our pages from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey through life we are cautioned to smile by the way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney is to be congratulated upon the possession of the pure brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens twenty-dellar gold pieces.

WALT McDougall. the burden of existence, as well as snatches the

MAIL SENT BY ELECTRICITY.

Can They Be Carried from Here to Besten in Sixty Minutes ?

Within a twelvemonth from the present late, says the Boston Herald, mails will be carried from Boston to New York city in sixty minutes. So say the capitalists who are naking arrangements for the establishment of a transport line on the so-called "port-electric system" for the convenience of letters and packages between the metropolis and the modern Athens. Even the least su-guine backers of the enterprise are confiden-that if the expected public support is given to the scheme not more than two years will be required at most for the establishment of the necessary plant in running order to bring the two centres of population within an

hour's distance by post.
The said plant will resemble, as to its most The said plant will resemble, as to its most essential part, a little elevated railway supported on a single line of tall iron unrights, and stretched from the post-office here to that on the Island of Manhattan. Along the track on top runs a small car laden with mail freight, which at certain intervals during its transit is seen to go under queer-looking box-shaped arches. These box-like ar-IN TOPICAL SONG.

"The Evening World" Free Decters' Fund Advecated at the Casino.

The following stanza has been introduced into Solomon's topical song, rendered nightly to large audiences, in the third act of "The Brigands," at the Casino. The sentiment's O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention:

The Evening World" Free Decters' Fund Advecated at the Casino. The sentiment's O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention:

The Evening World" Free Decters' Fund Occided wire hoops. And these latter communicate the notive power to the vehicle.

The speed to be attained by the car in this manner is incalculable. As is recognized in mechanics, a coustant repelling force is productive of nearly infinite velocity, obstructed only by the resistance of friction. In this system the only friction comes from the air and the slight contact of the car with the rails. Two hundred and fifty miles an hour is not thought to be an over-estimate of the speed easily to be compassed by the port-electric despatch. At the starting point the wire coils will have to be close together and on up-grades, they may be few and far between here and New York, will supply the requisite currents from dynamos.

Many experts think that the system is destined to rave the arch, so that the moving mail carrangements contain each one a coil of wire, passing beneath the rail below and around over the arch, so that the moving mail carrangements contain each one a coil of wire, passing beneath the rail below and around over the arch, so that the moving mail carrangements in calculation. The sentine moving mail carrangements is were the notive power to the velicle.

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Many experts think that the system is destimed to revolutionize the postal service in this country. For instance, it is expected that instead of mail hours apart between Bos-ton and New York carriages will be sent over the tracks from either end of the line at five-minute intervals, thus rendering unnecessary the waiting for mails to close and giving peo-ple in one city an opportunity to read their letters two hours after they are written in the

Once prove the notion a success here and it will be quickly adopted everywhere. By applying it on a larger scale, too, who knows that it may not serve for the transportation of passengers some day? At the rate of 250 miles an hour one could put a girdle around the earth in four days. Truly, it is a wonder-ful century we live in.

### They Knew How to Fight. From the Springfiehl Republican.

Gen. Gordon, now Governor of Georgia, whose solderly appearance and suburb horse. manship were so universally admired during the great centennial parade, was the recipient of much hospitality from the New York people during his stay in the city. At a dinner to which he was invited, a young English-man, a lieutenaut in the "guards," possessed with the idea that there was nothing very good or greatout of England, informed him that he did not think the soldiers in the

that he did not think the soldiers in the parade presented a military appearance.

"Perhaps not," courteously replied Goy. Gordon, "but when it comes to fighting there was more desperate fighting and there were more men killed and wounded during our last war than there have been in all the wars of England from the time of William the Conqueror." The Englishman did not gain much by presuming upon the want of love of Goy. Gordon for the soldiers of the North.

Labor Saving Proposition.

"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry."

'Yes, ma: don't tear it up please."

'Wby, Johnny?"

'Because it will do for the next time."

Appearances Are Deceptive.

(From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.)
Wife (sitting in the sand)—How grandly beautiful the ocean is this morning, John! I

## Make No Mistake

Husband (coming out of the water and spluttering somewhat)—Y-ya-as, it l-l-l-ooks a good deal better than it t-t-tastes.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarnaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1 as for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheosries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

Nothing Good Said of the Huckleberry Railroad.

Suffering Uptowners Ask "The Evening World" to Help Them.

The Railroad Not Even as Good Now as It Was Thirty Years Ago.

The efforts of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the long-suffering patrons of the socalled "Huckleberry Road," in the Annexed District, are meeting with grateful appreciation from the people who live in the vicinity of Fordham and West Farms.

The worst portion of the route is that which was described the other day in THE EVENING WORLD. It runs from One Hundred and Seventieth street, the terminus of the Suburban Rapid-Transit line, to Fordoam, a distance of about two miles.

It is on this section of the route, extending south to the Harlem Bridge along North Third avenue, that the miserable accommodstions described are furnished to passengers and the annoying delays occur daily, and where overworked horses cause a throb of pain to every citizen who sees them. The opinion seems to be practically unani-

mous in the locality for which the road is supposed to furnish public accommodations, that it is the worst managed concern in the country. No one has a good word to say for it, and complaints are so numerous and frequent

against the management that they have become an old story, and those who have been unable to get satisfaction have been obliged to grin and bear it, or patronize the New York Central. A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD visited

Fordham yesterday and interviewed a number of its citizens upon the subject of the Huckleberry road " and the accommodations it furnishes to the public.

The result fully bears out the charges made by "A Victim" in his indignant letter published in The Evening World last Friday,
"I was one of the original stockholders in
this road," said an old gentleman, who did
not want his name published, to the reporter,
"and I can assure you it does not furnish as
good accommodations to the residents of
his neighborhood as it did thirty years ago,

when it was built.

'It is hardly possible to believe this, but it is the truth. Then, at least, we had new cars and a good road-bed, and the cars were run on schedule time.

'Now some of the cars are unfit for use. The tracks are all out of order, and in the evening especially passengers are subjected. evening especially passengers are subjected to frequent delays of from half an hour to an

to frequent delays of from half an hour to an hour long."

"Why do the people who are compelled to patronize the road submit to this?"

"Because they cannot help themselves. No attention is paid to complaints, and a great many have now abandoned travel on the road altogether.

"In the day time at this season of the year the accommodations are half-way respectable, but it is in the winter time and in the night that the Company is careless of its passengers.

"The rule is that every third car from the

"The rule is that every third car from the bridge shall go through to Fordham; but in the late hours of the night sometimes eight or ten cars will be started without a single one going through to the Fordham terminus.

"Passengers are kept standing by the roadside, for there is no shelter provided for them, for an hour at a time. What annoyances they suffer in rainy weather and in the Winter time can be imagined.

"I have travelled in some of the cars where the roofs were so leaky that passengers had to put up their umbrellas inside.

"In the night time I have seen them using

to put up their umbrellas inside.

"In the night time I have seen them using horses that could hardly stand, and poor, broken-down brutes that were fit subjects for the bone-yard.

"I could tell you whole chapters about their abuses, but I think I have said enough. I have read the articles in The Evening World, and I hope you will keep it up. These things ought to have been shown up ten years ago."

en years ago."

Philip Duffy, who keeps the hotel at Ford ham, was very outspoken in his opinions.

"The Huckleberry Road," he said, "is one of the worst managed lines I ever heard of, and I don't wonder that the people hereabouts are down on it. I have given up pat.

to come through, and meanwhile they patron-ize the steam cars and pay 15 cents fare to the Grand Central Depot. They have some good horses in their stables, but they flon't use them in the night.

"My wife once made a complaint against a driver who was beating a poor disabled horse one night and had him discharged. I wonder

ronizing it.
"Everybody is waiting for the Suburban

the papers have never taken the matter in hand before. Fordham people would apprehand before. Fordnam people would appreciate it.

"In the Winter it is simply terrible. The cars run off the track a half a dozen times each trip, and there is no end of delay and inconvenience. Jimmy Kerrigan, the Superintendent, is a fine young fellow, but he can't do anything when the Company does not back him to."

him up."

A. B. Marshall. a Fordham business man, said: "I only use the 'Huckleberry' in a case of extreme necessity. If a man wants his neck jolted off, he couldn't find a better

his neck joited off, he couldn't find a better way than to take a trip over the line in one of the short cars.

"A great many people are obliged to use the line, and at some hours the cars are crowded, with passenge's hanging on all over. They have a terrible lot of horses, and I don't wonder at it, considering how they treat them. treat them, They say they don't want to make any

"They say they don't want to make any improvements now, because the Suburban is going to widen North Third avenue, and they are going to wait until after the street has been graded. They should have done it a dozen years ago."

N. S. Wilson, manager of the express office at Fordham, said: "It is the meanest and slowest road in the country. They ought to give better accommodations, and would have been compelled to do so if the people around here had gone to work energetically. The Company pays a big dividend every year, I understand." [About 16 per cent.—Rep.]

E. B. Hoover said: "I have travelled twice on the road and I never want to try it again. The horses were wind-broken and had the heaves so bad you could hear them half a mile off. The driver had to lash them all the time to make them go."

R. Pilwicky, who keeps a hat store, said: "I came up the other night and had to wait more than an hour at One Hundred and

more than an hour at One Hundred and Seventieth street. I shall not try it again in

hurry."
Here is one of the many letters which THE Evening World has received upon the sub-ject from indignant residents of the annexed district: To the Editor of The Evening World

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Some time last week I noticed an article in THE EVENING WORLD on the (in)famous "Huckleberry Road, over the Bridge," and to say I am surprised in not seeing more on the subject, is putting it mildly. Your reporter drew a true picture, but I have seen it still worse, a great many times. All that can be said of that road will never remedy the evil, because a company which will show such indifference to the terms of its charter, ever since its existence, will pay no more attention to public opinion that a cism.

The most flagrant violation of their contract with the people is their neglect to keep the street it, proper repair, as I am told their charter calls for.

Let your reporter go up there in the Winter or

Spring, and if he does not wish he had brought a boat along he will be different from the rest of us.

Hoping that you will give this matter the same push, and so reach the success you do in everything you undertake. I remain (as yet).

ANOTHER SUFFERES.

BY "THE EVENING WORLD" POET.

'Nd kinder pick out the wheat from the chaff,

The gold from the brass 'nd the tin.

A shinin' right squar' in yer eyes,

Of course you can't be expected to see

That a feller who's had a good dinner

Poor, half-starved, penniless sinner.

Tu laugh at the woes and sorrows of those

Whose stomachs are raisin' Old Nick.

Tu "brace up," especially when It don't cost a cent tu show yer intent,

Tu sorter encourage poor men.

But let Dame Fortune once hit ye

And then proceed to stomp on ye

Till y' wish to the Lord y' was dead,

You'll find that the fellers who allers

And give y' the very wust whack,

If you want to find out what a man is

And bring out his naterral tone.

And set a poor man on his throne.

It won't take 'em long, I imagine,

And find their own level again.

It's a mighty tuff way tu git wisdom.

But lessons once learned that way.

Sometimes we poor human creeters Git cranky and troubled with gall.

We ain't no great shakes arter all.

Take riches away from a millionaire gay

Tu show what they're made of, 'nd then

If out of their place they'll soon about face

Although they come high, cause many a sigh

But find when a tumble larns us tu be humble

A Mutual Recognition.

First Citizen-Soldier (after an anniversary

First Citizen-Soldier—Ole Guard, N' York ? Second Citizen-Soldier—Yep. Ansh'n 'n'

Keeping Up Appearances.

that for? Why. I haven't got a yacht."
"I know it." replied his wife. "but Mrs.
Slasher has a suit, and it will never do to let
her get ahead of me."

The Least of Two Evils. (From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Weekly.)
"If you are so warm, dear," said a lady to

her husband, "why don't you go down

cellar? It's dry and cool there."
"What! and have that blamed gas meter stare me in the face? No, ma'am, I'll stand

[From the New York Weekly, ]

lutely impossible to reform a horse thief.

Easterner—Nothing easier. Make a sailor of him.

[From the Eurlington Pres Press.]
First Tramp-Well, you are putty well

sed up! When they got after you, why

A Hopeless Task.

day. If you could spare me a little cash— Wife (from bed)—Certainly, darling. Yo will find some loose change in my pocket.

Met but to Part Forever.

"He went right by without noticing us. I

No More Sales.

lose ten of our best customers next week.
Assistant—We will? Are they going to
Oklahom?

"No; they're going to get married."

Confectionery and Ice Cream Man-We'll

| From the Clouk and Suit Review. 1

didn't you take to your heels?

Westerner-Yes, sir, I believe it is abso-

"Heavens!" said Mr. Dennis.

[From the Clouk and Suit Review.]
"My dear," said Mrs. Dennis, "I want to

Second Citizen-Soldier-Hullo!

Hon'rable, Boston? First Citizen-Soldier-Yep. Botn-Shake.

elebration) -- Hullo!

get a vachting suit."

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

PARAGON

Bo & Bouns

Are worth all they cost, for they stay,

Before y' went down, will turn with a frown

Were pattin y' nice on the back

A swat longside of yer head.

A little black cloud in the skies,

Can enter intu the feelin's of some

It ain't in the natur' of human

Fer fellers who ain't seasick.

It's easy tu tell a poor critter

It's puffictly natteral, also,

When things with a feller is boomin',

And he carries a stiff upper lip:

Tu size up the crowd he is in.

With the blazin' sun of prosperity

He ain't in no siterwation

HUMAN NATUR'.

A Few Extraordinary Experiences for When he's healthy 'nd wealthy and so forth, And often remarks. " Let her rip."

the First Day's Instalment.

Pointers in This Column.

Here's a Good Starter.

I am not imaginative, and I trust that for the sake of fairness the contestants in the Fish Story Prize Race will be held down to truthful statements of fishing experience. Last Summer while I was taking my best girl for a ride on one of the iron steamboats to Long Branch, I discovered that my fine hunting-case. Raymond-movement, gold watch was gone from my fob. Of course my first thought was of pickpockets, but there was a big crowd of passengers, and it would be idle to search them all, and so I stood the

figh ?

No, you needn't ring the bell. It's no chestnut. It wasn't the watch at all, but pawn ticket No. 9,999, and when I presented it to the pawnbroker I got back my property by paying him the sum loaned on my watch. MODEST FISHERMAN.

This Is Genuine. To the Editor of The Evening World:

This story is true and can be verified in New Rochelle. Two gentlemen were fishing for blackfish, and \$10 was wagered on the biggest fish caught. Each fisherman got a bite at the same moment and pulled up fishes that looked like twins. "How will we know mine from yours?" asked one. "Cut off a bit of his tail," said the other. It was done.

Two Lobsters at a Haul. To the Editor of The Evening World.

Two bundred words are hardly enough to tell a good fish story, so here is a little one which I hope will take the prize. I was fishing in Long Island Sound for striped bass and suddenly got a very strong pull. I nauled in a big lobster, which had one claw WALTER SANDS.

'Walter Harris, June 3, 1888, caught five lake trout, average weight nine pounds. N. B. -In one of them was a jack-knife that the fish had evidently picked up from the bottom of

I don't know much about fishing in these waters, but I have seen some curious sights in the Southern Seas. The most interesting was a fight between a swordfish and a shark. We were on board a brig and saw it all. The shark had been swimming around the vessel for a long time, and seemed to be hungry. Well, the swordfish came along and tried to stab the shark, which dodged. Then there was was such a flopping and flurry that we couldn't see much. After that they rested

The shark then dived down, and the next miles after killing its enemy. SINBAD.

" Miss Blondine," said Mr. Baxter to his

Cause and Effect.

business cares.

Little Brother -That ain't it. He's mad because the big log he bought didn't come.

Substantial

Second Tramp—I couldn't pard. You see, the dog took to 'em. Husband (100 years' hence, when women rule)-My dear, I expect to go to town to-

White Wrappers, \$1.70,

# THOSE FISH YARNS.

The Piscatorial Imagination Begins Work Promptly.

Ananias Himself May Be Able to Get

o the Editor of the Evening World :

Well, last week I went down on the banks for a day's fishing. About the first thing that happened to me I pulled up a handsome big sea bass. I noticed that he was awfully fat and hard, but when the cook opened him st bome, what do you think she found in that

When they came to weigh the fish the gentieman who had advised the tail-cutting won. his fish beating the other just by the weight of the amputated scrap of tail.

clutching the bait and held with his other claw a smaller lobster. It reminded me for all the world of a nurse taking a child out for a walk. Swallowed a Jack-Kuife. On the register of the Lewey Lake House. in the Adirondack Mountains, is this entry :

the lake." A Tale From the Southern Seas.

In the Editor of The Evening World :

minute had bitten the swordfish in half and disappeared. The following day the captain baited a hook with a piece of salt pork and threw it overboard. Two hours later a shark was landed on deck. When we opened it we found inside the two halves of the swordfish. showing that it was the same shark, and had followed the vessel more than a hundred

> An Effectual Disguise. [From the Cloak and East Review,

typewriter, "my wife is coming down to the office to-morrow. Would it-er-be asking too much of you to—cr—appear as awkward as possible?"
"Certainly not." replied Miss Blondine, "and." she added thoughtfully." in order to have no doubt about the matter. I will wear a dress that buttons up the back."

(From the New York Weekly,)
Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night. Sweet Girl-Yes, poor pa has so many

Ladies' Suits.

Bargains. Gingham Suits.

White Suits, \$4.25, formerly \$6.50.

thought you knew him. Haven't you ever formerly \$2.50. met?"
Oh. yes; the last time he borrowed \$10 of Lord & Taylor,
Grand Street Store.

Bathing Suits, \$4.95.
White Suits, \$7.50,